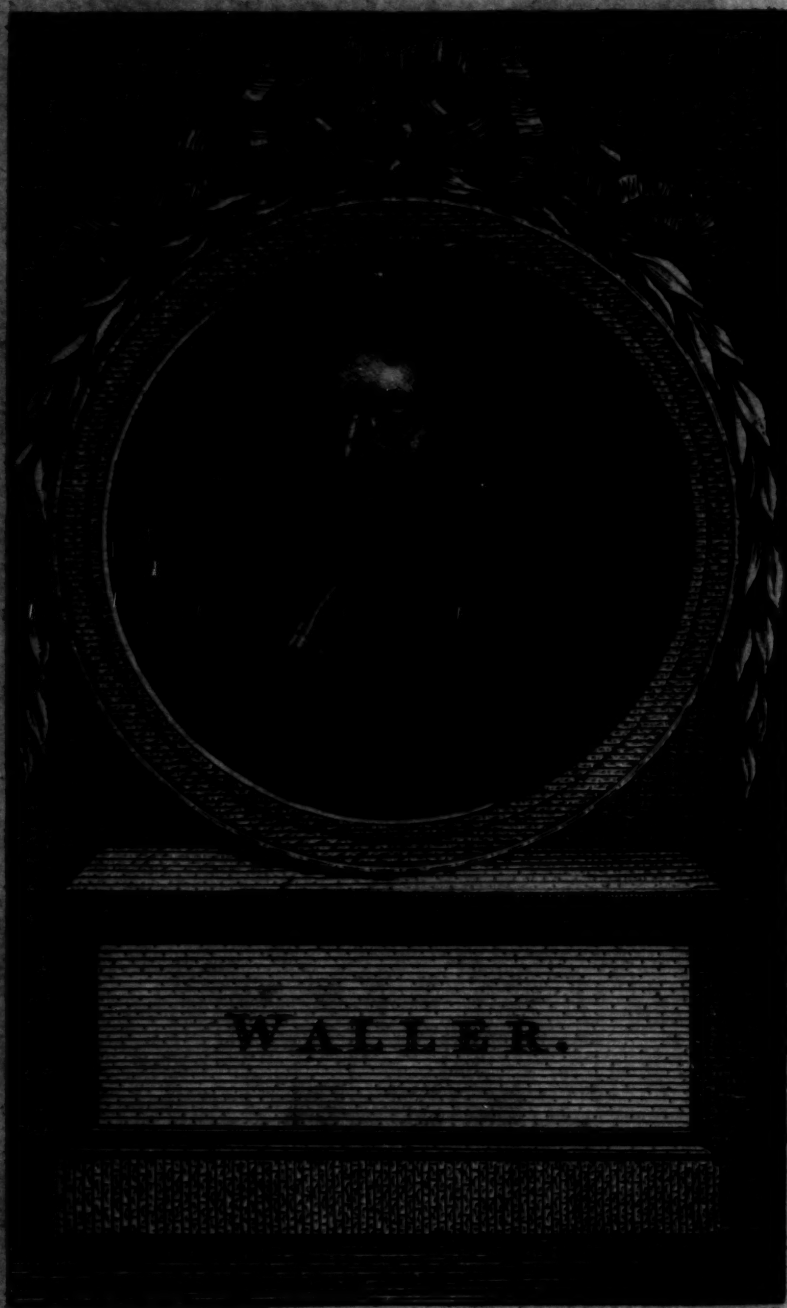
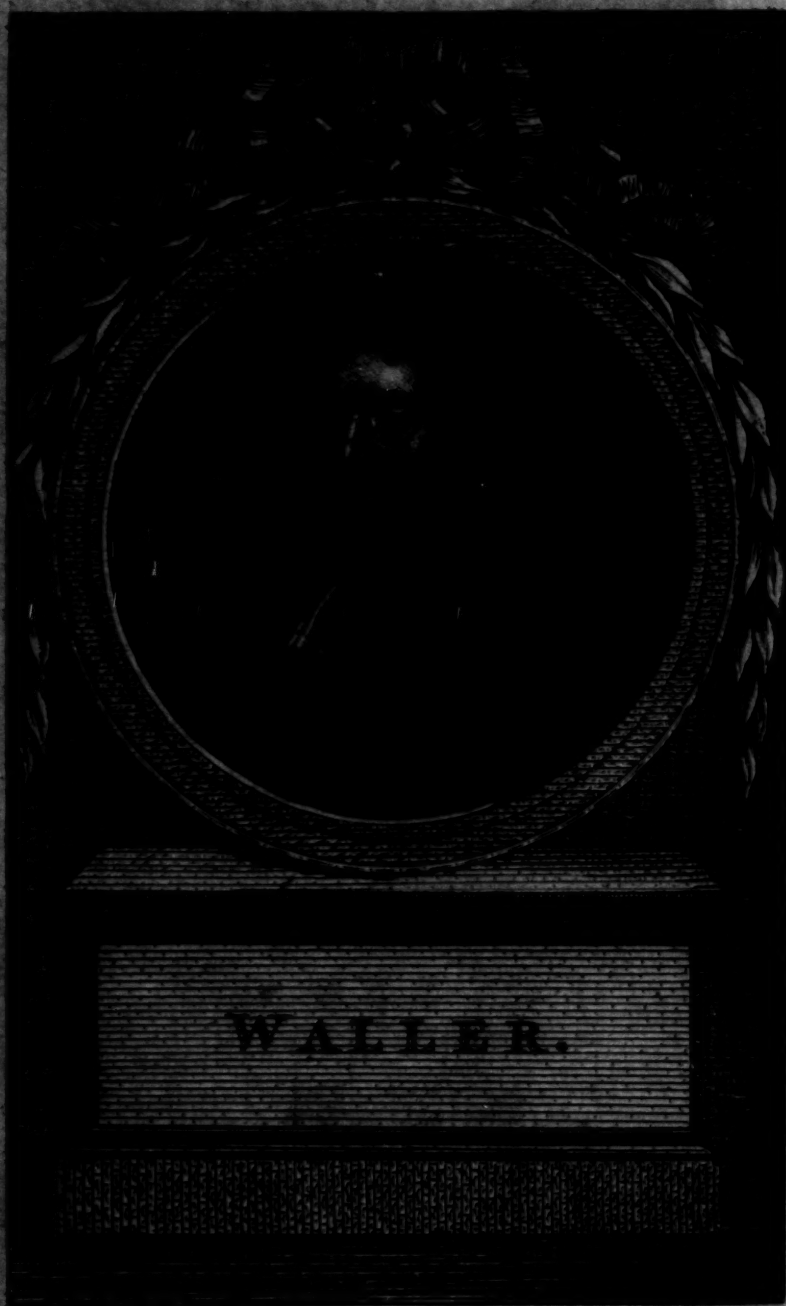




Caldwell design.



Caldwell design.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH:

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. HUGHES;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERRY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.



THE
P O E M S
O F
W A L L E R.



To my Lady * * *.

M A D A M,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed; but, intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen), and the former Pope; who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as Ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses; we are told, that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant,

B

he

he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's

most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

MR. WALLER'S POEMS,
AFTER THE RESTORATION;

Printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in Print: but, somewhat satisfied, to see his Lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the Authors); his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favor, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age: the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or

* Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39.

such-like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure; as they admire most what they least comprehend, so, his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration: which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Historians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made public; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent), that he

P R E F A C E.

5

he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman *,

*** Quem dimisere Philippi

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni

Et Laris, & fundi. ***

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony strip'd;

Who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum

Portare ventis ***

Lib. I. Ode xxvi.

They that acquainted with the Muses be,

Send care, and sorrow, by the winds to sea.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long, and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them: as also, to add some others which have since been compos'd by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us; yet, observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earnestly they have been

* Horace, Lib. II. Epist. ii.

always inquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:

Lib. II. Epist. i.

“Some verses being, like some vines, recommended
“to our taste by time and age,”)

We have adventured upon this new and well-corrected Edition; which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND PART OF

MR. WALLER'S POEMS;

Printed in the Year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry! He was indeed the Parent of English Verse, and the first that shewed us our Tongue had Beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way:

Tu pater, & rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
 Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, Inclute! chartis,
 Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
 Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
 Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ!

Lib. III. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I

must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough : but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for aught I know, last too; for I question, whether in Charles the second's reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan Age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chemists say of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprizing reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some Painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: He sought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament: and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of
a tide

P R E F A C E.

9

a tide of words that comes in upon the English Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but this was less His case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself: for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to Him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compose a Body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right prose, tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults; brought in more polysyllables, and smother measures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse He

wrote

wrote in : so that where-ever the natural stops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find Him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly closes with Verbs ; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes : which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the Great Master of writing, * “ *Quæ sunt* “ *ampla, & pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida* “ *& concinna,*” (amongst which Rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) “ *cito satietate afficiunt* “ *aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.*” This he understood very well : and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verse. But, He continued an obstinate lover of Rhyme to the very last : it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in His eyes ; and was courted by Him

• Cicero ad Herennium, l. iv.

long

long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer Him ever to slight a thing He had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he: yet, he is so just as to confess, that it is but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and Blank Verse set up in its room. There is * a third person, the living glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the Stage: though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his Genius, that first brought it into credit in Plays; and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But, this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I in-

• Mr. Dryden,

tended

tended no more than to put the Reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

* Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet, they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play † was altered to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader may be pleased to allow that in Him, that has been allowed so long in Homer, and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their

* Virg. *Æn.* vi. 304.

† "The Maid's Tragedy;" which does not come within the plan of the present publication.

thoughts

thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection : so that between both, the Reader may make the set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published : and Mr. * Cowley's decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin Poets : there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said ; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up, and revered like religious reliques. And, I am sure, take away the “ † mille anni ;” and impartial

* In the Preface to his Works.

† Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

*** Et uni cedit Homero

Propter mille annos ***

Sat. vii.

And yields to Homer on no other score,

Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.

Mr. C. Dryden.

tial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done ; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands : it were vain to expect, that among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind : but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author, to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed ; and such as He Himself, were He alive, might own.

M R. W A L L E R.

Of the Danger his MAJESTY (being Prince) escaped
in the Road at Saint Andero.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power, the
With British bounty in his ship he feasts [main:
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echoed from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves, and conquests, of our Albion Kings.

Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:

Neglected

Neglected Warwick, (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
Woos for his Master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady Bona: whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our State.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep:
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;

They

They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
 Toft to and fro, is urged by them all :
 So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds ;
 And like effect of their contention finds.
 Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd ;
 Charles and his virtue was their sacred load :
 Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
 That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

But storms increafe ! and now no hope of grace
 Among them shines, save in the Prince's face ;
 The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
 To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
 The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
 On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
 Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
 As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
 Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son *,
 When the whole world an equal hazard run
 To this of ours, the light of whose desire,
 Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
 Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves
 That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
 Should find resistance from so light a thing ;
 These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
 Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
 Only because assail'd on every side :
 So men with rage and passion set on fire,
 Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

* Phaeton.

C

The

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their Court before:
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labor'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold *Æneas*, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our Hero set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph, than * she
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.

* Venus,

That

That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
Th' heroic's Prince's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic Court;
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of ensuing day;
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts that fled,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wondering world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears

Of Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.
And now the views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung:
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire
Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
Whose rage, restrained, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister States;
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the Genius of that land they know,
Whose Prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard; "all human things
"Of dearest value hang on slender strings."

O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of our world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the News of the Duke
 of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
 No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
 The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
 Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
 When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
 As to thy present state was no less maim;
 Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the fame,
 Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
 In his * best pattern: of Patroclus slain,
 With such amazement as weak mothers use,
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
 Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
 Of war, impos'd by Royal Hector's lance:
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous painter † could allow no place
 For private sorrow in a Prince's face:

* Achilles.

† Timanthes.

Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
 Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss.
 Their Phoebus should not act a fonder part
 For the * fair boy, than he did for his hart:
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.
 That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
 He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds:
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide:
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest frinds,
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman, kind!
 Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
 Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
 The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
 So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.

* Cyparissus.

Ships

TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

23

Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws;
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms and piracy.
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse:
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation, as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
Thy power were safe; and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's restorer once could not indure,
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood:
To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

On the taking of SALLE.

OF Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress,
Some places only, and some times, infest.
Salle, that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd:
Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside:
This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
With ships, they made the spoiled merchants mourn;
With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
One Squadron of our winged castles sent
O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For, not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas;
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle, bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the sea!

Mad

Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades;
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person, to have seen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

Upon his Majesty's repairing of ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' Apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first * Monarch of this happy Isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.

* King James I,

Those

Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like Kings,
 Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings;
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:
 So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
 Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
 Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
 Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
 As once the viper from his sacred hand.
 So joys the aged oak, when we divide
 The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
 Of some new structure, to have borne her name:
 Two distant virtues in one act we find,
 The modesty, and greatness, of his mind:
 Which, not content to be above the rage
 And injury of all-impairing age,
 In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
 And things half swallow'd, from the jaws of time
 Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
 To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
 Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command,
 More than by force of argument or hand.
 For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
 And war brings ruin, where it should amend:
 But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
 A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering Queen beheld
 Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd

His

ON REPAIRING ST. PAUL'S.

27

His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The showers long wanted they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The King built all; but Charles the western-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!

Laomedon, that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him † that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such power employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

*** *Sic gratia Regum*

Pieriis tentata modis. *** HORAT.

† Apollo.

To

To the QUEEN, occasioned upon sight of Her Majesty's
Picture.

WELL fare the hand ! which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes :
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory : here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive :
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen ;
And by our Muse saluted, Mighty Queen :
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love !

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat :
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts :
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves ;

With

TO THE QUEEN.

29

With admiration! for a pitch so high
 (Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
 Heaven, that prefer'd a scepter to your hand,
 Favor'd our freedom more than your command:
 Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
 The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
 All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
 Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
 No power achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
 Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
 Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
 As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
 Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
 In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame:
 When, like a lion, finding in his way
 To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
 The Royal Youth, pursuing the report
 Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court:
 There public care with private passion fought
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
 Should he confess his greatness and his love,
 And the free faith of your † Great Brother prove;
 With his † Achates, breaking through the cloud
 Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud;
 And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
 Dance with the Ladies, and outshine them all?
 Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
 So, when the fair Leucothoë he espy'd,

† Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.

To

To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
 Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
 What may hereafter her meridian do,
 Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
 Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
 Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes
 Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
 Nor shall, till Picty and They return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
 But if (the promise of a cloudless Day)
 Aurora smiling bids her rise and play;
 Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
 Tow'rd's heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
 Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
 But since the light which now informs our age,
 Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
 Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
 To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

Those sovereign beams, which heal the wounded soul,
 And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
 There the poor lover that has long endur'd
 Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
 Fares like the man who first upon the ground
 A glow-worm spy'd; supposing he had found

A moving

A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
He held it dear, till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use.
“ Could nature then no private woman grace,
“ Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
“ Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
“ Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
“ Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
“ What envious Power has plac'd this glorious light?”

Thus, in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For mercy has, could mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:

The

The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next !
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext :
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood :
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign !
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame
First brings his knight from some immortal dame :
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield ;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea :
The man † to whom great Maro gives such fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came :
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, spring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing
but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care :
Rest to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds : but nought can add to her,

* Thetis.

† Enæas.

Whom

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP. 33

Whom Heaven, and her transcendent thoughts, have
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste. [plac'd

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:

Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,

And not his mother with more haste obeys.

Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,

What dream can I present to recompense?

Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,

And make the clouds seem all at her command:

Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest

Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast:

That power would seem, that entertainment, short

Of the true splendor of her present court:

Where all the joys, and all the glories, are

Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.

I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,

Ascending do the seat of sense invade,

No cloud in so serene a mansion find,

To over-cast her ever-shining mind:

Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,

Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;

That crystal heaven, where Phoebus never shrouds

His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what so hard which Numbers cannot force?

So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.

The bold * Mæonian made me dare to sleep

Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.

* Homer.

D

And,

And, since the Muses do invoke my power,
 I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
 Where Gloriana their great mistress lies :
 But, gently taming those victorious eyes,
 Charm all her senses; till the joyful sun
 Without a rival half his course has run :
 Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
 May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

PUERPERIUM.

YE Gods, that have the power
 To trouble and compose
 All that's beneath your bower,
 'Calm silence on the seas, on earth, impose.

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
 The God of Rage confine;
 For thy whispers are the charms
 Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
 Thou the flame
 Kindled in his breast canst tame,
 With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.
 Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
 Make heaven smile,
 That no storm disturb us, while
 Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!

Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;

Whose beauty relieves us,

Whose royal bed gives us

Both glory and peace:

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, upon
her Landing.

GREAT Queen of Europe! whence thy offspring
wears

All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:

As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,

As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)

To Delos was: here shines a Nymph as bright,

By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.

Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?

Or why did you so much regard the wind?

Scarce could the ocean (though intrag'd) have tost

Thy sovereign bark, but where th' obsequious coast

Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand

More vanquish'd nations under her command

Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia so

Among her deathless progeny did go:

A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,

Mother of all that on Ambrosia fed.

Thy god-like race must sway the age to come;

As the Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would those commanders of mankind obey
 Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
 Down at her royal feet; compose their jars,
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars:
 The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
 From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
 Our England's Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
 Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
 In single combat by their swords again
 The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain:
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
 And with your * Tuscan Muse exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd
 Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
 Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
 And nature's self, in those that could not lye:
 Your beauty next our solitude invades,
 And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
 Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
 The answer, and consent, to that report,
 Which echo-like, the country does return:
 Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
 Present th' impartial images of things.

* Tasso.

A rural

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE. 37

A rural judge * dispos'd of beauty's prize;
 A simple shepherd was prefer'd to Jove :
 Down to the mountains from the partial skies
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that, which was so justly given
 To the bright Carlisle of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught,
 Loud as their Amarillis, to resound :
 Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought
 Of every tree that 's worthy of the wound :
 From Phœbus' rage our shadows, and our streams,
 May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

The Countess of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
 But just so much as lets the sun appear ;
 Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect
 Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
 A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
 Of sad adversity, is fairer made ;
 Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get :
 A Venus rising from a sea of jet !
 Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
 While yet it struggled with eternal night.
 Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
 Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.

* Paris.

D 3

We

We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
 Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
 To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
 And that his living eyes such beauty fed :
 Had she been there, untimely joy through all
 Men's hearts diffus'd had marr'd the funeral.
 Those eyes were made to banish grief : as well
 Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
 As they to put on sorrow : nothing stands,
 But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
 If thou lament, thou must do so alone ;
 Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
 Yet still persist the memory to love
 Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove :
 Who, by the power of his enchanting tongue,
 Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung.
 War he prevented, or soon made it cease ;
 Instructing Princes in the arts of peace ;
 Such as made Sheba's curious Queen resort
 To the † large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
 Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
 He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
 With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
 The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
 But oh ! what elocution might he use,
 What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
 His absent Master's love into the heart
 Of Henrietta ! forcing her to part

* Venus.

† Solomon.

From

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, &c. 39

From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With Heaven itself; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

In answer to one who writ a Libel against the
Countess of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a different fate:
He honor won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies ;

Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so

His noble brain, by likening to those eyes

His joyful beams : but Phœbus is thy foe ;

And neither aids thy fancy nor thy fight ;

So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heaven arrive ;

But we this paradise approach alive.

Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike ;

And renders all within these walls alike :

The high in titles, and the shepherd, here

Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.

All stand amaz'd, and, gazing on the Fair,

Lose thought of what themselves or others are :

Ambition lose ; and have no other scope,

Save Carlisle's favour to employ their hope.

The * Thracian could (though all those tales were true

The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do :

Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,

Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.

The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,

Subdued alike, all but one passion have :

No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is

Something proportion'd to the rule of his :

* Orpheus.

While

While she with chearful, but impartial grace,
 (Born for no one, but to delight the race
 Of men) like Phœbus, so divides her light,
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
 And on that rock your Thyrsis threw;
 Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
 While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows:
 From foes discharg'd as often meet
 The shining points of arrows fleet,
 In the wide air creating fire;
 As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
 In vain, and for the * cold youth mourn,
 Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
 Prefer'd, to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize
 Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes;
 Which she regards no more, than they
 The tears of lesser Beauties weigh.
 So have I seen the lost clouds pour
 Into the sea an useless shower;
 And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
 For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

* Adonis.

Then,

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
 Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
 But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
 To look upon this Parthian fight
 Of Love, still flying, or in chase,
 Never encountering face to face;
 No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of Deities:
 And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
 By his kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND,
 upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due:
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
 Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
 Those showers, the eyes of us your servants rain.
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
 In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
 Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries,
 Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
 Your mind's relief; where reason triumphs so
 Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow
 Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
 To harm another, or impeach your rest.
 This we observ'd, delighting to obey
 One, who did never from his great self stray:
 Whose mild example seemed to engage
 Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

and

The

The brave *Æmilius*, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke
Before Rome's people; "We did oft implore,
"That if the heavens had any bad in store
"For your *Æmilius*, they would pour that ill
"On his own house, and let you flourish still."
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs; and summers to the public lent:
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, less happy, men.
You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with *Æmilian*-courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress:
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act: it is enough her stone
May honour'd be with supercription

Of

Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
The great Northumberland to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sickneſs
and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhades;
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the Lethean lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair Eurydice ſucceed:
Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſtening trees and ſavage mountains groan:
Through all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL.

45

Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
 Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes:
 While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
 The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
 Their beauty they, and we our love suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
 As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend:
 Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
 He is too faultless, and too young, to die.
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away,
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train
 To be lamented, and restor'd again?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
 Though to the Blest? O'er her Adonis so
 Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shower
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
 And second pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backwards does so far extend
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;
 Kind Phœbus interposing, bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they
 Like

Like Neptune, and his * sea-born Niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY, Phœbus, stay!

The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object, nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder, as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove

The error of those antique books,

Which made you move

About the world: her charming looks

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

'On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such † Dorus' flame;

The ‡ matchless Sidney, that immortal frame

Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:

Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd

With such extremes of excellence, compose;

Wonders so distant, in one face disclose!

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

Such

Such chearful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book)
 Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature, first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free.
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another, who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace:

* Pyrocles and Musidorus.

Nor

Nor scorn nor cruelty does find :
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool ! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange ! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire :
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel !
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou couldst not, at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit ?
Confess, and we 'll forgive thee this :
For who would not repeat that bliss ?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame ?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still ;
When nature's self so often errs ?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair ;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth :

Which

Which waxed old, ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colors grow,
That could this deathless piece compose?
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher,
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have:
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rs her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd:
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.

E

Ye

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart! —
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-Hurst groan,
 Oppressed with their timely load;
 And seem to make their silent moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his taste, or eye,
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.
 Not that thy harmless deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly slain
 By any other hand than thine,
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain:
 No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
 That peace with France, which keeps thee there.
 All these are less than that great cause,
 Which now exacts your presence here;
 Wherein there meet the divers laws
 Of public and domestic care,

TO MY LORD LEICESTER. 51

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of * Thetis' son,
(For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Those Achive Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging sun,
When Sirius does first appear.
O fix this flame; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

Of the LADY who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes.
As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,
By strife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our complaints offended, and our tears,
Wife Somnus to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:

* Achilles.

Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
 In darkning clouds, the power to close her eyes :
 Eyes, which so far all other lights control,
 They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul !

Let her free spirit, whose unconquered breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that though Venus and her son should spare
 Her rebel heart, and never teach her care ;
 Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep ;
 And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

Of the Mis-report of her being painted.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
 With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light ;
 The noise may chase sweet slumber from her eyes,
 But never reach the mistress of the skies :
 So, with the news of Sacharissa's wrongs,
 Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues :
 Call Love to witness, that no painted fire
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire :
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new malice, than our loves before ;
 But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
 On both our passions, without smile or frown.
 So little care of what is done below
 Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth so !
 Paints her, 'tis true : with the same hand which spreads
 Like glorious colors through the flowery meads ;
 When lavish nature with her best attire
 Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn:
With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

Of her passing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruise'd)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard:
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.
A greater favor this disorder brought
Unto her servants, than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease;
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE applied.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
 Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
 Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
 With Numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
 Such is the chace, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
 Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates

Pascua:

Pascua: formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
 Audîit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;
 Audîit, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
 Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?
 Colors of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
 With that angel-like disguise:
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream:
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heavenly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Softly in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And, death resembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

Servant to SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
 Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending God adorns the east,
 And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so.
A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball she won:
Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
For if I thought she took*delight in those,
To where the chearful morn does first disclose
(The shady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems,
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists: but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:

* Helen.

Her

Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To Thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
* He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive: to no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those † healing springs;
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge-Wells.

Thy

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
 Melt to compassion : now, my traiterous song
 With thee conspires, to do the singer wrong :
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose

The memory of what augments my woes :
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire !

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse ;
 Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
 Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing ;
 Thus he advis'd me : " On yon aged tree
 " Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea ;
 " That there with wonders thy diverted mind
 " Some truce at least may with this passion find."

Ah cruel Nymph ! from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging Main ;
 And from the winds and tempests does expect
 A milder fate, than from her cold neglect !
 Yet there he 'll pray, that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
 Into a world, which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth,
 Or shadow of felicity ?

That

That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love !

Yet, fairest blossom ! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon :
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon :
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so ?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime ;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay :
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR ! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe ;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and You.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret :
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look :

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains :
But for Sacharissa I

Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret ! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain

Would untie his iron chain ;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection ;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn :
But 'tis sure some Power above,
Which controls our wills in love !

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, sollicit me,
Beauteous Amoret ! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move :

If less splendor wait on thine,

Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazzled sight

To behold their milder light.

But as hard 'tis to destroy

That high flame, as to enjoy :

Which how eas'ly I may do,

Heaven (as eas'ly scal'd) does know !

Amoret !

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA and
AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
 You the power of Love controul;
 While the boy's deluded darts
 Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
 Still beguiled Love does come:
 Where he finds a foreign guest;
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
 When they never mean to pay,
 That they may the law decline,
 To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
 Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
 Not the wings that lift so high;
 And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
 Or do more ennoble love;
 Are so choicely match'd a pair,
 Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
 Fram'd of many nameless stars!
 The smooth stream, where none can say,
 He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret,

64 WALLER'S POEMS.

Amoret, my lovely foe!

Tell me where thy strength does lie?

Where the power that charms us so?

In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone:

Or thy grace in motion seen;

No such wonders could be done;

Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,

As Cupid's shaft; or Hermes' rod:

And powerful too, as either God.

A L A M A L A D E.

AH lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what 's good, or fair!

Is Heaven become our rival too?

Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you

So amply thence, the common end

Of giving lovers,—to pretend?

Hence, to this pining sickness (meant

To weary thee to a consent

Of leaving us) no power is given,

Thy beauties to impair: for Heaven

Sollicits thee with such a care,

As roses from the stalks we tear:

When we would still preserve them new,

And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain,

That

That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increase their flame,
And haste, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY those already curs'd Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expos'd to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows, and tears, we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.

F

That

That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!

Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
That Death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle borne,
With goared hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' † heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heaven;
Urging the promise to th' obsequious given,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face.
And sweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her course.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!

* Venus. † Christian Countess of Devonshire.

And

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and power of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old :)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that she grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife;
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee:
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!)
So look'd *Astræa*, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:

So, all we know of what they do above,
 Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
 Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
 Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
 Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
 But with our nobler part invades the sky.
 Then grieve no more, that one so heavenly shap'd
 The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
 Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
 But that she vanish'd so entire away,
 Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit
 We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
 In that coelestial form frequented here;
 And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heaven smiles
 Upon those late-discover'd isles.

A ID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
 Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
 Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventurous toil!
 And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know?
 That happy island! where huge lemons grow;
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
 Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair:
 Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
 On the rich shore, of amber-gris, is found.

The

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS. 69

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
 The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires :
 The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
 For incense might on sacred altars burn :
 Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
 Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
 The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
 With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :
 Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
 They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
 Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
 Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show ;
 With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
 Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
 The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But, at some constant seasons every year,
 Their barren tops with luscious food abound ;
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
 Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
 To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
 Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
 On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
 With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
 On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine :
 And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
 Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our coarser land
 Tastes of that bounty ; and does cloth return,
 Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn :

For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
 Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
 At once they promise, what at once they give.
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
 Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
 To shew how all things were created first.
 The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
 There, a small grain, in some few months, will be
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
 The Palma-Christi, and the fair papà,
 Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)
 In half the circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
 And as their trees, in our dull region set,
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
 So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
 Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes:
 While the supporter of the Poet's style,
 Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
 Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
 There will I sing, if gentle Love be by,
 That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high;
 With

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS. 71

With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.—

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

C A N T O II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow;
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast.
One, as a mountain vast; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd,
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore:
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and ship-wreck'd men, to taste.

As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
 To frantic dreams, their infants overlay :
 So there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes ; when the whales
 Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
 Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd :
 Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd ;
 Like hills with earthquakes, shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
 Hearts sure of brass they had, who tempted first
 Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.
 The welcome news, through all the nation spread,
 To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread :
 What lately was their public terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey :
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil ;
 And, as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the bones, and they divide the oil. }
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
 Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast !

They man their boats, and all the young men arm
 With whatsoever may the monsters harm ;
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far ;
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
 Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
 What love, or honour, could invite them to :
 A goodly theatre ! where rocks are round
 With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
 Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
 Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share :

Warwick's

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS. 73

Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
 A greater sound among our British Peers.
 And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate and honour, to that title due;
 Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
 And through the new world spread his growing fame.—
 But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

C A N T O I I I.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
 And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
 Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
 Who, when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
 Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
 As a broad bream to please some curious taste,
 While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
 Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
 The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:
 So, with the barbed javelin stung, he raves;
 And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
 Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
 He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
 Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
 And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
 With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
 To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play :
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud :
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge :
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes :
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content ; and wish this cub away :
Their wish they have ; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake ;
A prisoner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy ! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast :
Her oily side devours both blade and hest :
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake :

Blood

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS. 79

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
 And raise the flood to that propitious height,
 As might convey her from this fatal streight:
 She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
 To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might know.
 Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
 And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
 You would have thought, had you the monster seen
 Thus drest, she had another island been.
 Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
 As well resembled the conspiring voice
 Of routed armies, when the field is won;
 To reach the ears of her escaped son.
 He, though a league removed from the foe,
 Hastes to her aid: the pious * Trojan so,
 Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
 Repeats the danger of the burning town.
 The men amazed blush to see the seed
 Of monsters, human piety exceed.
 Well proves this kindness what the Grecian sung,
 That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
 Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
 For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
 So she their weapons would restore, again
 Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main.
 But how instructed in each other's mind?
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find?

* Æneas.

Not

Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
 Whom her courageous son protected so;
 They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
 Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
 Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
 And tear the flesh, of the incensed whales.
 But no success their fierce endeavours found,
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
 Now to their Fort they are about to send,
 For the loud engines which their isle defend:
 But what those Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
 Would have effected on those mighty whales.
 Great Neptune will not have us know; who sends
 A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
 Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muse!

I dare not sing what you indite;

Her eyes refuse

To read the passion which they write:

She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,

Threatens to hurl it on the ground:

And I no less her anger dread,

Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,

While some fierce lion does embrace

His breathless corpse, and lick his face:

Wrap'd up in silent fear he lies,

Torn all in pieces if he cries.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
 Itself discharges on our foes :
 And sorrow too finds some relief
 In tears, which wait upon our grief :
 So every passion, but fond Love,
 Unto its own redress does move :
 But that alone the wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own designs ;
 Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
 Postures which render him despis'd,
 Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
 For women (born to be control'd)
 Stoop to the forward and the bold :
 Affect the haughty and the proud,
 The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
 Who first the generous steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the beast ;
 But with high courage, life, and force,
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
 Pity, supposing them oppress
 With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill :
 Each nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less rigor here.
 Should some brave Turk, that walks among
 His twenty lasses, bright and young ;

And

And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies; he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majestic Queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul; and made me bow,
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream; about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
 Pleasures shorter than the day?
 Could we (which we never can!)
 Stretch our lives beyond their span;
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies.
 Or, would youth and beauty stay,
 Love hath wings, and will away.
 Love hath swifter wings than Time:
 Change in love to heaven does climb;
 Gods, that never change their state,
 Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
 All the love betwixt us two:
 Let not you and I enquire,
 What has been our past desire:
 On what shepherd you have smil'd,
 Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
 Leave it to the planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do:
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland
goes.

Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giant down.

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the * fair Hebrew stand;

* Rebekah.

When

TO LORD FALKLAND. 31

When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
 And found her womb the seat of civil war.
 Inclined to whose relief, and with presage
 Of better fortune for the present age,
 Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;
 To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood:
 To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
 Of our proud neighbours; who ere long shall mourn
 (Though now they joy in our expected harms)
 We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart
 (His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
 Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
 And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
 So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
 A more indulgent mistress guides our spirits,
 Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:
 She would our care, as well as thirst, redress;
 And with Divinity rewards excess.
 Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,
 Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:
 Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
 Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
 And each by other's timely heat supply'd:
 All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
 Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires.

G

Wine

Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
 To give our friends a title to our blood:
 Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

S O N G.

I.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:
 For if with thee I longer stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
 Among the rest, me hither brought:
 Finding this fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
 A servant to another's will:
 Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take?
 When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
 For some more worthy lover's sake,
 May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V. For

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And she distrust me reprobate.

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer:
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY singing a Song of his composing.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That, like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
 Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflection of his face,
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air:
 And, with her own breath, fans the fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that love control,
 Which more than one way courts the soul?
 So, when a flash of lightning falls
 On our abodes, the danger calls

For

For human aid; which hopes the flame
 To conquer, though from heaven it came:
 But, if the winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the MARRIAGE of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive;
 But nature did this match contrive:
 Eve might as well have Adam fled,
 As she deny'd her little bed
 To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,
 And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
 Beneath the level of all care!
 Over whose heads those arrows fly
 Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
 Secured in as high extreme,
 As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
 Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
 And every man a Polypheme
 Does to his Galatea seem:
 None may presume her faith to prove;
 He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah, Chloris! that kind nature thus
 From all the world had sever'd us:
 Creating for ourselves us two,
 As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
 A long farewell to love I gave :
 Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
 All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
 None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown :
 The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
 So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
 Above the fear of private fires ;
 Grown and design'd for nobler use,
 Not to make warm, but build the house ;
 Though from our meaner flames secure,
 Must that which falls from heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
 Makes it full summer ere the spring's begun :
 And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
 Before our violets dare look abroad :
 So, measure not by any common use,
 The early love your brighter eyes produce.
 When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
 Wrap'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
 That hasty time might never make me grow
 Out of those favours you afford me now :
 That I might ever such indulgence find ;
 And you not blush, or think yourself too kind.

Who

Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
 Begin to think how you may make them less:
 The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
 And guard itself, though but a child invade,
 And innocently at your white breast throw
 A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
 Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the reſt the fun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy ſake I part
 With all that grew ſo near my heart:
 The paſſion that I had for thee,
 The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
 And, that I may ſucceſſful prove,
 Transform myſelf to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill:
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a wind-mill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By those free vapors are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care:
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

89

Such was that image, so it smil'd
 With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
 Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
 He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
 'Twas shap'd like her; but for the Fair,
 He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
 Because the Gods had like success.
 For in their story, one, we see,
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree:
 A second, with a lover's haste,
 Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
 But she that did a Virgin seem,
 Posselt, appears a wandering stream:
 For his supposed Love, a third
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
 And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
 Give credit, and still make them new;
 The amorous now like wonders find,
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
 The Muse of your incens'd friend:
 Nor would that he record your blame,
 And make it live, repeat the same;
 Again deceive him, and again,
 And then he swears he 'll not complain.
 For still to be deluded so,
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;

Who,

Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

T O F L A V I A .

S O N G .

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart:
The sun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

T H E F A L L.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
 To take th' impression where she lay!
 See! how the mould, as loth to leave
 So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
 Close to the nymph's stain'd garment! Here
 The coming spring would first appear;
 And all this place with roses strow,
 If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smil'd, to see blind Chance
 Itself, before her Son, advance;
 And a fair image to present,
 Of what the Boy so long had meant.
 'Twas such a chance as this made all
 The world into this order fall;
 Thus the first lovers, on the clay
 Of which they were compos'd lay:
 So in their prime, with equal grace,
 Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down;
 But touch him, and he 'll tremble strait:
 How could he then support your weight?
 How could the youth, alas! but bend
 When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
 If aught by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just Heaven declares
 The sense it has of lovers' cares :
 She that has so far the rest outshin'd,
 Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
 As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
 Seems only not unhandsome now.
 So when the sky makes us endure
 A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
 Hiding from Flavia's self her name ;
 Lest she, provoking heaven, should prove
 How it rewards neglected love.
 Better a thousand such as I,
 Their grief untold, should pine and die ;
 Than her bright morning, overcast
 With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose :
 I pluck'd it, though no better grown ;
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone,
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon :
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love, and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that, which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty soft!
 See how the motion does dilate the flame !
 Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
 And triumph in this game.
 Fire, to no place confin'd,
 Is both our wonder, and our fear ;
 Moving the mind,
 As lightning hurled through the air.
 High heaven the glory does increase
 Of all her shining lamps, this artful way ;
 The sun in figures, such as these,
 Joys with the moon to play :

To

To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the Discovery of a Lady's PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine :
His marble love took flesh and blood ;
All that I worship'd as divine,
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so ;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow ;
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real

ON A LADY'S PAINTING. 95

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

TO A LADY,
From whom he received a Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the sable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that expressed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to please,
 Make it my humble thanks express
 Unto your Ladyship, in these :
 And now 'tis forced to confess,
 That your great self did ne'er indite,
 Nor that, to one more noble, write.

T O C H L O R I S .

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,
 Your favours with your fears increase,
 And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
 Her fruit and state, while no wind blows ;
 In storms from that uprightness swerves,
 And the glad earth about her strows
 With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G .

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
 Chloris! I feel my life decay :
 That powerful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh! suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound!

Peace,

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die;

That together you and I

To heaven may go:

For all we know

Of what the Blessed do above

Is, that they sing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,

Or the new sea explore,

Snatch'd from myself, how far behind

Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep

In the smooth bosom of this Deep?

No: 'tis so rockless, and so clear,

That the rich bottom does appear

Pav'd all with precious things; not torn

From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,

Which time, and use, are wont to teach,

The eye may in a moment reach,

And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,

And pencil flow, may Cupid paint,

And a weak heart in time destroy;

She has a stamp, and prints the Boy:

Can, with a single look, inflame

The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you less,
 Than when before your feet I lay :
 But, to prevent the sad increase
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun
 Already has a fever got,
 Too late begins those shafts to shun,
 Which Phœbus through his veins has shot;

Too late he would the pain assuage,
 And to thick shadows does retire :
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd servant trouble you :
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

T H Y R S I S.

AS lately I on silver Thames did ride,
 Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd:
 Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine;
 And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

G A L A T E A.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
 Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
 Once change your note; and let your lute report
 The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

T H Y R S I S.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no share;
 Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
 Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew;
 And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

G A L A T E A.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
 Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
 Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
 To all the joys this island could afford,
 The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord:
 Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood;
 And in high grace with Gloriana stood:

Her

Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until autumn, on the bough should grow:
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondering eyes!
But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees, and savage mountains, groan;

* Parca.

What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we some antique Hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing:
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold sons' prodigious pride:
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a L A D Y in Retirement.

SEE S not my Love, how time resumes
 The glory which he lent these flowers?
 Though none should taste of their perfumes,
 Yet must they live but some few hours:
 Time, what we forbear, devours!

Had Helen, or th' * Egyptian Queen,
 Been near so thrifty of their graces;
 Those beauties must at length have been
 The spoil of age, which finds out faces
 In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,
 Upon the autumn, or the spring,
 And spare us neither fruit nor flower;
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of coming years, then more respect
 Were due to so divine a fashion;
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

* Cleopatra.

The MISER'S SPEECH; in a Masque.

BALLS of this metal slack'd Atlanta's pace,
 And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the race;
 Venus (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
 Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
 Th' adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
 Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe:
 For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
 Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
 That they withstood not that almighty shower?
 Never till then, did Love make Jove put on
 A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
 That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
 'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
 Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung:
 But fond repentance of his happy wish,
 Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
 Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
 Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
 Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, endures
 A remedy like those whom music cures.

* Hippomenes.

Thou

Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see or read thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate 's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage;
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No Worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable * Maid.
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and mar'd
Our sport in Plays, by rendering it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts:
But, if some brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his TRANSLATION of some Parts of the BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue

With the high raptures of those men,

Who here with the same spirit sung,

Wherewith they now assist the choir

Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspired souls

Were urged to express, did shake

The aged Deep, and both the Poles;

Their numerous thunder could awake

Dull earth, which does with Heaven consent

To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow

Courage, on thee, to soar so high?

Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so

To shake off all mortality?

To light this torch, thou hast climb'd higher

Than * he who stole celestial fire.

* Prometheus.

TO

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

Who had then newly set a Song of mine,
in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;

But you can life to verses give.

As when in open air we blow,

The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low:

But if a trumpet take the blast,

It lifts it high, and makes it last:

So in your Airs our Numbers drest,

Make a shrill sally from the breast

Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,

Our passions to themselves commend;

While Love, victorious with thy art,

Governs at once their voice and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,

Can make that Song, which was but Rhyme:

Noy * pleading, no man doubts the cause;

Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,

Lets in a light but dim and faint:

So others, with division, hide

The light of sense, the Poets' pride:

But you alone may truly boast

That not a syllable is lost:

The writer's and the setter's skill

At once the ravish'd ears do fill.

* The Attorney General.

Let

TO MR. HENRY LAWES. 1709

Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*:
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,
Upon his Two First Books of *GONDIBERT*,
written in FRANCE.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come;
Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews' banish'd harps, unstrung
At Babylon, upon the willows hung:
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you:
Who, with the Muses' help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led:
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.

This

This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book:
 Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
 May find old love in pure fresh language told;
 Like new stamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
 Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
 In such a style as Courts may boast of now:
 Which no bold tales of Gods or monsters swell;
 But human passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
 Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here;
 But such a Gondibert as both might fear:
 Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd,
 By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
 Betwixt thy Worthies, and the Grecian Gods!
 Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
 Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown:
 Such as, of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
 Though not resisted, may be understood.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WASE,
 The Translator of GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
 When noble wits a-hunting go,
 Through groves that on Parnassus grow,
 The Muses all the chase adorn;
 My friend on Pegasus is borne:
 And young Apollo winds the horn,

Having

Having old Gratus in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent or speed;
And how to change or mend the breed:

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame:
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now: but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from sun to sun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage:

Since none doth more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

To

To his worthy Friend Master EVELYN,
Upon his Translation of LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe:
But chance and atoms make this **ALL**
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angels' wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.

So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
 And British language does commend:
 For here, Lucretius whole we find,
 His words, his music, and his mind.
 Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ, and all he thought.
 Ovid translated, Virgil too,
 Shew'd long since what our tongue could do:
 Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;
 Only Lucretius was too hard.
 Lucretius, like a Fort, did stand
 Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
 Did from his head this garland bear,
 Which now upon your own you wear.
 A garland! made of such new bays,
 And fought in such untrodden ways;
 As no man's temples e'er did crown,
 Save this great author's, and your own.

To his worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS,
 Upon his Translation of the VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
 As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight:
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
 Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse:
 But your translation does all three excel,
 The fight, the piece, and lofty Businell.

* The Arms of Venice.

I

As

As their small gallies may not hold compare
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air:
 So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
 Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
 Thus, while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
 You make all Europe emulate her glory:
 You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
 The cause of heaven, while they for words contend;
 Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
 Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
 If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
 Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars;
 Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
 And then you might our own high deeds recite,
 And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

* VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

On his taking the Degree of Doctor in Physic
 at Padua, in the Year 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,
 With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove;
 Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
 And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:

While

* This little Poem (first inserted among Waller's Works in 1772) was printed, together with several others on the same occasion, by Dr. Rogers, along with

While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
 Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
 Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
 Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
 There first Apollo try'd the various use
 Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
 And fram'd that Art, to which who can pretend
 A juster title than our noble Freind;
 Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
 And like employment entertains abroad?
 This crowns him here; and in the bays so earn'd,
 His country's honour is no less concern'd;
 Since it appears not all the English rave,
 To ruin bent: some study how to save;
 And as Hippocrates did once extend
 His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
 So we, brave Freind, suppose that thy great skill,
 Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
 At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
 Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

with his inaugural exercise at Padua; and afterwards in the same manner re-published by him at London, together with his Harveian Oration before the College of Physicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living. Though the above verses were first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines towards the conclusion. STOCKDALE.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
 Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
 Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
 Never canst thou want matter to sing:
 For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
 That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
 Of various flowers the bees do compose:
 Yet no particular taste it brings
 Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
 So, love the result is of all the graces
 Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
 Could we but know the language they use,
 They would instruct us better in love,
 And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
 For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
 That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
 Which the warm season hither does bring:
 Time from yourself does further remove
 You, than the winter from the gay spring:

She

CHLORIS AND HYLAS. 117

She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

In Answer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verses.

C O N.

*S*TAY here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise,
Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

P R O.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

C O N.

*The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride: and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.*

P R O.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be styl'd virtuous, and the end not so?
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But---to sleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nephenthe, rocks himself asleep.

C O N.

*Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.*

I 3

P R O.

P R O.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy:
 But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
 And if fruition did the taste impair
 Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
 Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
 Consume the day too in this less delight?

C O N.

*Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
 The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, children there must be.—
 So must bread too: but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?*

P R O.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hine
 Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
 But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
 For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
 What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
 Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

C O N.

*Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
 Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
 Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.*

P R O.

Plays and Romances, read and seen, do fall
 In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,

Whom

ANSWER TO SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 119

Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

C O N.

*'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.*

P R O.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to those that now are there.

C O N.

*And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess: so here, restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.*

P R O.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our sight:
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

C O N.

*They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.*

P R O.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

TO A FRIEND,

Of the different Success of their Loves.

THREE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
 Which first began to love, or loves most now:
 Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
 Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
 To be victorious, in the first essay.
 Sure love 's an art best practis'd at first,
 And where th' experienced still prosper worst!
 I, with a different fate, pursued in vain
 The haughty Cælia; till my just disdain
 Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
 Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
 Now she relents; but all too late, to move
 A heart directed to a nobler love:
 The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
 Now, than my vows and service did before.
 So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
 How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
 Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
 That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
 But there, from heaven the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
 And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
 They that are foremost in that bloody race,
 Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
 So like the chances are of love and war,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
 In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly:
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

* Minerva.

An

W A R R I [121] W A R R I
An APOLOGY for having loved before.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprizing juice,

To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that 's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:
Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise:

He

He neither might, nor wish'd to know

A more refulgent light :

For that (as mine your beauties now)

Employ'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !

Urge not thus your haughty birth :

The power, which you have o'er us, lies

Not in your race, but in your eyes.

None but a prince!—alas! that voice

Confines you to a narrow choice.

Should you no honey vow to taste,

But what the master-bees have plac'd

In compass of their cells, how small

A portion to your share would fall !

Nor all appear among those few,

Worthy the stock from whence they grew :

The sap, which at the root is bred,

In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;

But virtues, which in parents shine,

Make not like progress through the line.

'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :

The place does oft those graces give.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,

A flock perhaps, or herd, had led :

* He that the world subdued, had been

But the best wrestler on the green.

* Alexander.

*Th

'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
 The hidden seeds of native worth:
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise
 Into such flames as touch the skies:
 To the old Heroes hence was given
 A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:
 Of mortal seed they were not held,
 Which other mortals so excell'd.
 And beauty too, in such excess
 As yours, Zelinda! claims no less:
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady grove,
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove:
 And yet excuse the faultless dame,
 Caught with her spouse's shape and name:
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

To my Lady MORTON, on NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,
 at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;
 Still as they pass, they court and smile on you;
 And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
 To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer;
 And fairest Morton now as much to her:
 So like the sun's advance your titles show,
 Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
 Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
 From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
 Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
 If Judith, marching with the General's head,
 Can give us passion when her story's read;
 What may the living do, which brought away
 Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
 Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
 Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand:
 A brand! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart;
 And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
 So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shrowd
 The ‡ hope of Rome, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
 Begin a better, and absolve this age.
 Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
 Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
 Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
 This portion only may endure the light,
 Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless shape,
 Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
 When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
 Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
 As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
 The forest wasted; and that lofty tree

* Henrietta Maria, youngest Daughter to K. Ch. I.

† K. Charles II.

‡ Æneas.

Which

TO MY LADY MORTON.

125

Which holds her nest about to be oe'rthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British throne:
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

Playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that such horror, and such grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake:
A marble one, so warm'd; would speak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE,

Or, a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs difarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,

Which

Which by the splendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark :
Her shining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get :
There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care :
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays ;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ship-wreck'd by her breath :
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail ;
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So, we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow ;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*
translated.

Beginning at Verse 437.

" * * * * Taleſque miſerrima fletus

" Fertque refertque foror. * * * * "

And ending with

" Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærulea verrunt." Ver. 583.

ALL this her weeping * ſiſter does repeat
To the ſtern † man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtopt his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground;
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heaven to hate.

* Anna.

† *Æneas*.

Her

Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
 Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
 The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
 Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
 The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
 Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
 Besides, there stood, as sacred to her * Lord,
 A marble temple which she much ador'd;
 With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd;
 Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;
 Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb:
 And dismal owls preface the ills to come.
 Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
 Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
 Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems;
 And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
 And Furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
 Orestes so, with like distraction tost,
 Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
 Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
 Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
 (Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
 She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
 The cure I have invented for my love.
 Beyond the land of Æthiopia lies
 The place where Atlas does support the skies:

* Sichæus.

K

Hence

Hence came an old magician, that did keep
 Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep :
 Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
 And, where she lifts, makes calmest minds to grieve :
 The course of rivers, and of heaven, can stop,
 And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
 Witness, ye Gods ! and thou, my dearest part !
 How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
 Erect a pile, and on it let us place
 That bed, where I my ruin did embrace :
 With all the reliques of our impious guest,
 Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest ;
 (The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
 May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
 For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
 Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
 Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought ;
 Therefore obeys her : and now heaped high
 The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie ;
 Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round ;
 So by herself was her own funeral crown'd !
 Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
 And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
 They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
 The magic prophetess begins her prayer :
 On Chaos, Erebus, and all the Gods,
 Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
 She loudly calls ; besprinkling all the room
 With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.

She

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS TRANSLATED. 131

She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands :
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power ; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love !

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
Their careful temples in the dew of Sleep :
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell :
But not on Dido ! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd :
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul : What shall I do ?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo ?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn ?
Or, shall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe ?
Is not enough, by sad experience ! known
The perjur'd race of false Laomedon ?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chace,
Bands hardly forced from their native place ?
No—die ! and let this sword thy fury tame ;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah sister ! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.

Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread:
What God soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Through all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On the Picture of a FAIR YOUTH,
Taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nourish'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty still that visage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

On a BREDE of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies,

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine:
As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC
TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the present Greatness, and joint Interest,
of his HIGHNESS and this Nation.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race:
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile ;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive:
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves ;
And all that 's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky ;
So, what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow :
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims :
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd ; and now You :
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet : a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He

TO MY LORD PROTECTOR. 137

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
 Preventing posts, the terror and the news;
 Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar;
 But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
 And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
 Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
 Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone:
 Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
 But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
 Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
 You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
 And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
 The only cure, which could from heaven come down,
 Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an antient line
 Gives hope again that well-born men may shine:
 The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
 The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace,
 A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
 How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
 And practise first over yourself to reign.

TO MY LORD PROTECTOR. 139

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live:
Born to command, your Princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise,

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found: and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You!

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
 Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
 To every duty could their minds engage,
 Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
 Itself into Augustus' arms did cast:
 So England now does, with like toil oppress,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
 How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choak
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a Muse:
 Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
 But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring
 To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
 O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside:
 While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
 Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at SEA.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
 Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;
 While she bid war to all, that durst supply
 The place of those her cruelty made die.
 Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste;
 And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
 From the new world, her silver and her gold
 Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
 Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
 Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes:
 With these accomplishing her vast designs,
 Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
 Upon this gilded majesty of Spain;
 And knowing well that empire must decline,
 Whose chief support and sinews are of coin;
 Our nation's solid virtue did oppose,
 To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, incamping on the Main,
 Our naval army had besieged Spain:
 They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
 Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd;
 From whence our red Cross they triumphant see,
 Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the English make it their abode:

Whose

Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean-while, the Spaniards in America
Near to the Line the sun approaching saw;
And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly tow'nds their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different stars, one fate they have;
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,

In

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN. 143

In fight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize: while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the Deep:
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The * Marquis (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side;
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry;
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die:

* Of Bajadoz.

Alive,

Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost;
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds;
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize),
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

Upon

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim
 In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
 His dying groans, his last breath shakes our Isle;
 And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
 About his palace their broad roots are tost
 Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
 New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her King;
 And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
 On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
 With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
 The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
 Our dying Hero from the continent
 Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards rest,
 As his last legacy to Britain left.
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
 Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
 Nor hath he left us prisoners to our Isle:
 Under the tropic is our language spoke:
 And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
 From civil broils he did us disengage;
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
 And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
 The antient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
 To him, that gave us peace and empire too.

L

Princes

Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
 No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
 Nature herself took notice of his death,
 And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
 That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
 Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

Upon his MAJESTY'S happy Return.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
 First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of
 At such a distance from our eyes, as though [light
 He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
 In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
 Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
 (Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
 And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
 That, if your grace incline that we should live,
 You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
 Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
 Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
 All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
 Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
 Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
 Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.
 Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
 In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate

Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Isle has got her eye again.

Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.

Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall.

Princes that saw you different passions prove;

For now they dread the object of their love;

Nor without envy can behold his height,

Whose conversation was their late delight.

So Semele, contented with the rape

Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,

When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,

And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime,

To have accepted life so long a time

Without you here; yet does this absence gain

No small advantage to your present reign:

For, having view'd the persons and the things,

The councils, state, and strength, of Europe's Kings,

You know your work; ambition to restrain,

And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the Main.

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,

Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.

So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,

Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:

He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,

Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This feat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
 Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
 His engine's force, fix'd here; your power and skill
 Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suffering Monarch! the first English-born,
 That has the crown of these three nations worn!
 How has your patience with the barbarous rage
 Of your own soil contended half an age?
 Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word
 At last preventing your unwilling sword)
 Armies and fleets, which kept you out so long,
 Own'd their great Sovereign, and redress'd his wrong.
 When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
 Nor longer from their inclination held,
 Break forth at once, like powder set on fire;
 And, with a noble rage, their King require.
 So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
 To gain some acres, avarice did force,
 If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
 No longer will from her old channel stay;
 Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
 And all that 's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chieftest, do begin
 To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
 All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
 Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * Macedonian got,
 For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;

* Alexander.

What

What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd interests? has the knot unty'd,
And, without stroke, so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To His high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field. [ends,

Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, law, and piety (that banish'd train!)
 Justice and truth, with you return again:
 The city's trade, and country's easy life,
 Once more shall flourish, without fraud or strife.
 Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
 Than the warm sun advances his increase;
 And does the shepherds as securely keep,
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
 Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
 Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

"Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,

"Quam per vatis opus, mores, animique virorum

"Claxorum apparent * * *"

HORAT.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

As lately improved by his MAJESTY.

OF the first paradise there's nothing found,
 Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the ground;
 Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
 Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side
 Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
 The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
 Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
 Of famous cities we the founders know;
 But rivers old as seas, to which they go,

Are

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK. 151

Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade:
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes;
While overhead a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Darkening the sky: they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton failors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The Ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide:
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.

All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
 Or dead, the palate, here you may descry;
 The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
 Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park:
 All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
 Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
 Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
 There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot July with December's frost;
 Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
 Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
 Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
 High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ:
 His manly posture, and his graceful mien,
 Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
 And such a fury from his arm has got,
 As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
 A living gallery of aged trees:
 Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
 As if once more they would invade the sky.

In

In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd :
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring Princes' fates :
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives ;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply ;
The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capital :
Both, disproportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep :
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of empire ! where they rise, they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage :

* Cardinal Wolsey. † Westminster-Abbey.

Hard by that * House where all our ills were shap'd,
 Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
 Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
 The distant country in the ruin shares,
 What falls from heaven the burning mountain spares.
 Next, that † capacious Hall he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come:
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
 Here like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below:
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find:
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks:
 How peaceful olives may his temples shade,
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
 Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
 What ruling arts gave great *Augustus* fame;
 And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his ‡ native Palace bent,
 Close by, suggests a greater argument:

* H. of Commons. † Westminster-hall. ‡ St. James's.

His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
 A Prince, on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile!
 Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS,
 in the Year 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight;
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A Prince, with eunuchs and the softer sex
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
 Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heaven,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
 The chief * imperial city of the West,
 With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
 His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
 The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
 Render the hopes he gave his master vain.

* Vienna.

The

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom :
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling Sultan 's forc'd to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate :
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave ;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought :
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the Great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes ?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get ?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd :
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone !

What

OF THE TURKS DEFEAT. 157

What Angel shall descend, to reconcile
 The Christian-states, and end their guilty toil?
 A Prince more fit from Heaven we cannot ask,
 Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task:
 His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
 Gives him the fear and favour of mankind.
 His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
 On that relying, all their quarrels end.
 The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,
 What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
 And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
 In this successful union we find
 Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
 'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
 Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
 Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
 Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
 And what can they to such a Prince deny,
 With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
 This happy way he march'd into the throne:
 And we owe more to Heaven, than to the sword,
 The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

Charles, by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
 Above her antique Heroes shall be plac'd.
 What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
 Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
 Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
 Than all their giants and their monsters slain.

Those

Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

TO THE QUEEN,

Upon her MAJESTY's Birth-day, after her happy
Recovery from a dangerous Sickness.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose every day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless beauty does repair;
So fast, that the approaching spring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from Heaven,
A pattern to this Island given;
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure;
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So, though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

TO THE QUEEN.

359

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you : more dear,
More priz'd than all these kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY,
on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' Infanta here.
May all those years, which Catharine
The Martyr did for heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!

May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the Saint!

Without

Without appearing old,
 An hundred times may you,
 With eyes as bright as now,
 This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,

On NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
 How are we chang'd, since we first saw the Queen?
 She, like the Sun, does still the same appear;
 Bright as she was at her arrival here!
 Time has commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May every new year find her still the same,
 In health and beauty, as she hither came!
 When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
 Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
 First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
 But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
 The * glorious Prince, that does the Turk confound.
 Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
 And her example chaces vice away.
 Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

* John Sobieski, K. of Poland.

O F T E A,

Commended by her M A J E S T Y.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show
 To the fair region, where the sun does rise;
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
 Repress those vapours which the head invade;
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit, on her Birth-day, to salute the Queen.

P R O L O G U E for the Lady-Actors:

Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

A M A Z E us not with that majestic frown;
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
 And for that look, which does your people awe,
 When in your throne and robes you give them law,
 Lay it by here; and give a gentler smile!
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
 He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
 Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
 And after do as love and fortune will:
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
 In our own cloaths more serious, and more wise.

M

Modest

Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold;
 We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold;
 A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
 If we act well the parts to which we 're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince
 of ORANGE:

And of her Portrait written by the late Duchefs of
 YORK while she lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
 In peace the glory, of the British Court!
 Into whose arms, the Church, the State, and all
 That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
 Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
 Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
 Though streighter bounds your fortune did confine,
 In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
 Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
 Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
 While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
 Your native Isle does with your praises ring:
 But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
 Gives us your character in such a strain,
 As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
 Could know such worth; or worth describe so well,
 So, while we mortals here at heaven do guess,
 And more our weakness than the place express;
 Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
 And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

TO

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

when she was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
 England first saw the light of your fair eyes.
 In English too your early wit was shown :
 Favour that language ! which was then your own,
 When, though a child, through guards you made your
 What fleet, or army, could an angel stay ? [way:
 Thrice happy Britain ! if she could retain,
 Whom she first bred, within her ambient Main.
 Our late-burnt London, in apparel new,
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you :
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea :
 No wind can favour us ; howe'er it blows,
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose !
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell——
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell !

Upon her * MAJESTY'S new Buildings at
 SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen ! that does our Island bless,
 With Princes and with Palaces :
 Treated so ill, chac'd from your throne,
 Returning, you adorn the town ;

* Henrietta Maria, Q. Dowager of K. Charles I.

And, with a brave revenge, do show
Their glory went and came with you.

While peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too,
(Those different virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.

This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.

Each

ON HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS. 165

Each part with just proportion grac'd;
And all to such advantage plac'd;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry;
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend:
And here, as she was born, she lies;
High, without taking pains to rise.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white:
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make;
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.

T O A L A D Y,

From whom he received the foregoing Copy, which
for many years had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies:
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the Goddes sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

O F T H E L A D Y M A R Y,

Princess of O R A N G E.

A's once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To

OF THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE. 167

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are, by great Nassaw:
Like those he sprung from, just and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! so near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd
May none this triple knot undo!

The Church shall be the happy place
Where streams which from the same source run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
 To him that does protect us all :
 For, while he thus his niece bestows,
 About our isle he builds a wall ;

A wall ! like that which Athens had,
 By th' oracle's advice, of wood :
 Had their's been such as Charles has made,
 That mighty state till now had stood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
 Skill'd in the arts of war and peace ;
 Your birth does call you to command,
 Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppress'd,
 No longer could sustain their weight ;
 To a native Prince they thought it best
 To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expel ;
 Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
 So little blood, unto you fell
 With the same ease they once were lost.

'Twas

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE. 169

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your sword nor fire;
But seem'd willing to retreat,
And to your greatness did conspire.

Nor have you since ingrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expose,
And at Mount Cassal, your own men,
Whereby you might secure your foes.

Let Maeftricht siege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And Parthian-like their foes destroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gasping lay;
In council slow, in action cold,
His country sav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms must move,
And must at once a progress make
I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He that a Princess' heart would gain,
Must learn submissively to yield;
The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquish'd masters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
 Still to encrease your hop'd renown;
 Till to your conduct and address,
 Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
 Could not the noble Dutch enslave;
 And wiser Parma strove in vain,
 For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay
 By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
 Their ancient birthright they betray,
 By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
 When by such arts it is withstood?
 Freedom to Princes is a chain,
 To all that spring from Royal Blood,

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OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:

Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?

While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,

The matter may betray their art:

Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,

Must carve in Latin or in Greek:

We write in sand; our language grows,

And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;

The glory of his numbers lost!

Years have defac'd his matchless strain;

And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,

The shining subjects of his rage,

Hoping they should immortal prove,

Rewarded with success his love.

This

This was the generous poet's scope;
 And all an English pen can hope;
 To make the Fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
 If it arrive but at the date
 Of fading beauty; if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present love.

Upon the Earl of RosCOMMON's TRANSLATION of
 HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ:

And of the Use of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
 Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
 The Poet writ to noble Piso there;
 A noble Piso does instruct us here:
 Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile;
 And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
 Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd;
 Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
 Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
 Direct us how to back the winged horse,
 Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though Poets may of inspiration boast,
 Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
 He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
 At once his fancy and his judgment shows.

ON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 173.

Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:

Law-giving

Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes;
 And raising cities with their charming lutes.
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
 And civil life was by the Muses taught.
 So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
 Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
 To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil;
 Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
 They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
 And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM.

De BENTIVOGLIO suo.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto cor-
 rollam,

Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse liber:

Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo.

Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.

Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit.

Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.

Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris esto!

Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.

Namque dolis liber hic instructus, & arte Batava;

A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.

Horremus per te civilis dira furoris

Vulnera; discordes Flandria quassa monet.

Hic

AD. COMITEM MONUMETENSEM. 175

Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;

Qui regnant, leni sceptrum tenere manu.

Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens

Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!

Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,

Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

Upon his altering his Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy
into a Comedy, because not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:

You had oblig'd us by employing wit,

Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit.

For, as the nightingale, without the throng

Of other birds, alone attends her song;

While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws

The whole assembly of his fellow daws:

So must the writer, whose productions should

Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:

Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high

For common view, and lessen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH'S Expedition into
SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger (* the winged god),
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the Hero with continued light.

On foes surpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he
broke.

His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terror strook;
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his interest does employ
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die;

* Mercury.

And

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH. 177

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one, beyond his promise kind:
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell:
And give a secret joy to * him that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins:
To see a leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that 's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muses send, to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view;
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came,
Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

* King Charles II.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intituled, " Historical
 " Applications, and Occasional Meditations upon
 " several subjects."

BOLD is the man that dares engage

For piety, in such an age!

Who can presume to find a guard

From scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?

Divines are pardon'd; they defend

Altars on which their lives depend:

But the prophane impatient are,

When nobler pens make this their care:

For why should these let in a beam

Of divine light, to trouble them;

And call in doubt their pleasing thought,

That none believes what we are taught?

High birth and fortune warrant give

That such men write what they believe:

And, feeling first what they indite,

New credit give to antient light,

Amongst these few, our author brings

His well-known pedigree from Kings.

This book, the image of his mind,

Will make his name not hard to find:

I wish the throng of Great and Good

Made it less easily understood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem,
intituled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As brass or marble, to your fame have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
As those that made them, could themselves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men:
Make rival Princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove.

For, as eternity has neither past
 Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last;
 But is all instant; your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.
 Then why should you, whose miracles of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
 T' observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
 For, since you have such arbitrary power,
 It were defect in judgment to go lower;
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.
 For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your wit.
 As light can no way but by light appear,
 He must bring sense, that understands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

On his Translation of LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, though few could hope
 to see,

We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
 Thou! from the antient learned Latin store,
 Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
 May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
 The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
 Each year that place some wondrous monster breeds,
 And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
 There Farce is Comedy; bombast call'd strong;
 Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

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'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
 For sure the antients never wrote such plays.
 These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
 Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
 That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
 And Death found surly Ben exceeding poor.
 Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
 May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
 Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
 And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
 Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread;
 Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care;
 But art above what other poets fear.
 What may we not expect from such a hand,
 That has, with books, himself at free command?
 Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain;
 And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
 So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
 Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
 We read, and read again: and still admire [fire!
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous

Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
 Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.
 But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the light;
 Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
 But, dying silently, your justice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had run,
 Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
 Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
 As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
 As heir to Julius, she may pretend
 A second time to make this island bend.
 But Portsmouth, springing from the antient race
 Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase;
 As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
 And does against this new invader lead.
 That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
 Careless and fearless to the field does go.
 Becoming blushes on the other wait,
 And her young look excuses want of height.
 Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
 Must not be won the Amazonian way.
 Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
 For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.
 Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
 Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
 What may the Fates design! for never yet
 From distant regions two such beauties met.
 Venus had been an equal friend to both,
 And Victory to declare herself seems loth:
 Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
 Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
 The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
 A thousand Graces waited on the dame:

Her

THE TRIPLE COMBAT. 183

Her matchless form made all the English glad,
 And foreign beauties less assurance had.
 Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
 Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
 Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
 Lest the neglected should become less kind.
 Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
 That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
 Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
 Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
 They with less hazard might look on, and draw
 The ruder combats in Alsatia:
 And, with that foil of violence and rage,
 Set off the splendor of our golden age:
 Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways;
 And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by MRS. WHARTON.
 on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses! on the hearse
 Not strowing tears, but lasting verse;
 Which so preserves the Hero's name,
 They make him live again in fame.
 Chloris, in lines so like his own,
 Gives him so just and high renown;
 That the th' afflicted world relieves,
 And shews that still in her he lives.
 Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
 Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
 Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.
 Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
 For his, your own, and for our sake;
 Left his fair soul, that lives in you,
 Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what 's eminent we know,
 Must for some cause be valued so:
 Things without use, though they be good,
 Are not by us so understood.
 The early rose, made to display
 Her blushes to the youthful May,
 Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
 And courts her with a gentle air.
 Our stars do shew their excellence,
 Not by their light, but influence:
 When brighter comets, since still known,
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
 So, your admired beauty still
 Is, by effects, made good or ill.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years;
 And hope is all which art or nature brings,
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.

Mankind

ON THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. 185

Mankind was first created an essay;
That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle!
How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
A perfect princess, ere her Highness came?
For joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Posture, and Progress, of his
MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command
of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the
Battle, and Victory, obtained over the DUTCH,
June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.

His

His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that Hero led :
Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell, more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind :
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay :
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers ;
Confessing now, he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore ;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey ;
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER. 183

The Dutch their wine and all their brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend:
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know,
We can our own and their great business do:
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which, worse than tempests, did infest the Main.
Within those Streights, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet:
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape,
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore;
The world they compass'd while they fought with Spain;
But here already they resign the Main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.

Their

Their single towns th' Iberian armies prest ;
 We all their Provinces at once invest :
 And in a month ruin their traffick more,
 Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie ?
 The watery wilderness yields no supply.
 Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
 And meet the Beauties of the British court.
 Th' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
 (Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the Main.
 The gazing Sea-Gods, since the * Paphian Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
 Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
 Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare :
 Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to bring ;
 And help the nation where such Beauties spring :
 The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
 And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
 The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
 Desert their ports ; and, falling in their way,
 Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.
 Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight ;
 As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes ;
 Enough to serve us till we reach our foes.
 Who now appear so numerous and bold,
 The action worthy of our arms we hold.

* Venus.

A greater

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER. 189

A greater force than that which here we find,
 Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
 Restrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
 Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
 But now the morning (heaven severely clear!)
 To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
 And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
 That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
 Vast clouds encountering one another crush:
 With swelling sails, so from their several coasts,
 Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
 For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
 The Roman fleets at Actium did engage:
 They, for the empire of the world they knew;
 These, for the old contend, and for the new.
 At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
 Nor heaven nor sea their former face retain'd:
 Fury and art produce effects so strange,
 They trouble nature, and her visage change.
 Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
 And no light shines, but that by which men die;
 There York appears; so prodigal is he
 Of royal blood, as antient as the sea!
 Which down to him, so many ages told,
 Has through the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
 The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
 Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
 And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
 But shafts, and darts, which the weak Phrygians threw.

Our

Our bolder Hero on the deck does stand
 Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
 Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
 Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
 Some Power unseen those Princes does protect,
 Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first Opdam his Squadron leads,
 Proud of his late success against the Swedes:
 Made by that action, and his high command,
 Worthy to perish by a Prince's hand.
 The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
 Bearing an army in her hollow sides:
 Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
 More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
 From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
 It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
 * Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
 And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
 Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
 More to be valued than a thousand lives!
 On such a theatre as this to die;
 For such a cause, and such a witness by!
 Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
 To have his blood on such an altar laid?
 The rest about him strook with horror stood,
 To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr.
 Boyle.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER. 191

So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
 Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
 He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
 Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
 His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
 Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
 His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
 Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth:
 The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
 To follow him, abandon'd,—and their lives!
 He storms, and shoots: but flying bullets now,
 To execute his rage, appear too slow:
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
 For such a loss, Opdam his life must pay.
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board:
 And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
 His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
 When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
 The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
 From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
 Neglecting all the business of the day:
 Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
 The silent ocean does th' event attend;
 Which Leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
 And give an earnest of the war's success:
 When Heaven itself, for England to declare,
 Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
 Which * that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
 Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
 And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state.
 His flight tow'rds heaven th' aspiring Belgian took;
 But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook:
 From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
 That durst attempt the British Admiral:
 From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
 Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
 That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
 And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The Duke (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
 The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
 Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
 Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
 So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
 Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
 The Dutch, accusom'd to the raging sea,
 And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see,
 Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
 Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
 Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
 Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
 Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
 Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
 Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:

Prince of Orange,

With

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER. 191

With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcases, are borne:
And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore; and with a boisterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and sea, engage.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight:
Their bloody task, unweary'd still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage:
Death-hastening ills nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.

So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers,
 Revive, and raise themselves, with moderate showers:
 But, over-charg'd with never-ceasing rain,
 Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
 Their reeling ships on one another fall,
 Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
 Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
 The watchful English such advantage find;
 Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
 And up the so-intangled Belgians blow.
 The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then
 Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
 The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float;
 Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's, boat.
 And now our Royal Admiral success
 (With all the marks of victory) does bless:
 The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
 Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
 Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
 Carries the noise and tumult of the fight;
 His cannons' roar, fore-runner of his fame,
 Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;
 The British thunder does their houses rock,
 And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
 His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
 Threatening destruction) hastens their despair:
 Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
 And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold,
 As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rd's their fold:

Those

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER. 195

Those piles, which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
“What wonders may not English valour work,
“Led by th’ example of victorious York?
“Or, what defence against him can they make,
“Who, ’at such distance, does their country shake?
“His fatal hand their bulwarks will o’erthrow;
“And let in both the ocean and the foe.”
Thus cry the people:—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:
Blaming their States’ ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us’d another style:
For, though you draw arm’d Heroes as they sit;
The task in battle does the Muses fit:
They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
Discover all; instruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield;
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come shall know that Leader’s toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muses smile:
Their dictates here let thy fam’d pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our * Great Monarch high above them set:
Like young Augustus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea;

* King Charles II.

Where * Egypt's Queen, and Eastern Kings, o'erthrown,
 Made the possession of the world his own.
 Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
 Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:
 They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
 Their King's eternal title to the Main:
 And, with a present to the Duke, approve
 His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE † KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand,
 Supreme commander both of sea and land:
 Those which inhabit the celestial bower,
 Painters express with emblems of their power;
 His club Alcides, Phoebus has his bow,
 Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.

But your great providence no colours here
 Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
 Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
 The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
 You, for these ends, whole days in council sit;
 And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,
 If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
 You as the soul, as the First Mover you
 Vigour and life on every part bestow:
 How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
 Instruct the artists; and reward their haste,

* Cleopatra. † King Charles II.

So,

So, Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does brave,
 Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave:
 Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
 His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame:
 Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
 Crete had not been the cradle of their God:
 On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
 And in Great Britain thought the Thunderer born;

A Prefage of the RUIN of the TURKISH EMPIRE:
 Presented to his Majesty King JAMES II. on his
 Birth-Day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,
 Truce, well-observ'd, has been infring'd by none:
 Christians to him their present union owe,
 And late success against the common foe:
 While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
 Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
 So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
 When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our Island sent;
 As now he gives it to the Continent.
 A Prince more fit for such a glorious task,
 Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot ask:
 He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
 Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
 Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;

Favour the innocent, repress the bold;
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A Prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace;
Join to the Turk's destruction; and then bring
All their pretences to so just a King.

If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find;
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The British Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave:
That source of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, brought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Though slaves (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The

PRESAGE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE. 199

The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their interest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun:
And this great day (so justly honour'd here!)
Known to the east, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!"

"Aufus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem."

VIRG.

TO THE DUCHESS,

When he presented this Book to her ROYAL
HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former age:
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.

Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
 Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last :
 And make you through as many ages shine,
 As Tasso has the Heroes of your line.

Though other names our wary writers use,
 You are the subject of the British Muse :
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
 Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
 So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
 While it means nothing but to give us day.

These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of her
 ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
 But in no one durst all perfection place :
 In her alone that owns this book, is seen
 Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien ;
 Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
 Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
 Her well-taught mind ; and every grace express,
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought :
 The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never sought
 To hide the candour of her thought ;
 And now her cloaths are lost, we find
 The nymph as naked as her mind :
 Like Eve while yet she was untaught
 To hide herself or know a fault.
 For a snatch'd ribbon she would frown,
 But cares too little for her gown ;
 It makes her laugh, and all her grief
 Is left it should undo the thief.
 Already she begins to stretch
 Her wit, to save the guilty wretch :
 And says, she was of goods bereft
 By her own bounty, not by theft.
 She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
 Till they were eaten up with moths ;
 But made a nobler use of store,
 To clothe the naked and the poor.
 Should all that do approve the fair,
 Her loss contribute to repair,
 Of London she would have the fate,
 And rise (undone) in greater state ;
 In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
 As glorious as the new-built town.

OF
DIVINE LOVE.
A
POEM
IN SIX CANTOS.

“ Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
“ Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
“ Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ! * *
“ Nam Divinus Amor cùm cæpit vociferari,
“ Diffugiunt animi terrores. * *” LUCRET. Lib. iii.

“ Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
“ Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
“ Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
“ Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.”

OVID. de Trist. Lib. iv. El. 1.

DIVINE LOVE
THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is revealed.
- II. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embraced.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof.



C A N T O I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
 Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arriv'd:
 Frail Deities! which first the Poets made,
 And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid,
 Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
 What may be hop'd for in a better age;
 When, not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
 But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
 This with the fabric of the world begun;
 Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun,
 Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
 The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
 Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
 Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
 And rolling earth among the planets plac'd:
 So has this Book entitled us to heaven;
 And rules, to guide us to that mansion, given:
 Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
 And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
 His power in nature's ample book we find;
 But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
 That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought:
 But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
 As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke:
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God, but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step tow'rd's being good or wise:
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their passion, Reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our Reason does exceed.
For though Heaven shews the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend:
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from heaven, to make us happy, came.

C A N T O II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.

This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul;
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from heaven to hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The * Royal Prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, measur'd but half that space.
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that Poet wrote:
Heaven was scarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude Chaos; and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to rest here; and some, to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love,
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest:

* David.

One!

One! like the Author, whose capacious mind
 Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find:
 Might measure heaven, and give each star a name:
 With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
 Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
 And that 'tis round by his experience know:
 Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
 And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
 When, by his Word, God had accomplish'd all,
 Man to create he did a council call:
 Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
 A graceful figure and majestic look:
 With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest.
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name
 For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
 But not with lasting numbers, and with thought;
 Man's great prerogative! But above all
 His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;
 If he be angry, the creation shakes:
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
 He curst the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
 Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
 Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

C A N T O III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
 He gives a pattern of eternal love;
 His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
 Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
 Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
 To make us humble, and to make us great:
 His business here was happiness to give
 To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
 (For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
 While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.
 Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such great love constrain'd,
 To make return of love: upon this Pole
 Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
 To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
 'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
 But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out;
 This is the fire that would consume our dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
 We should agree, as Angels do above.

Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.

Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.

Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.

Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:

For he took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.

His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.

Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease
Obedient be; for if we love, we please.

Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.

Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

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C A N T O IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
 Of his proud foe the envy or the scorn:
 Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
 Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem;
 With love, of all created things the best:
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
 For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
 But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
 Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
 And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
 That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
 Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
 As great a portion of mankind destroys.
 The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress
 Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
 These more destructive monsters are the bane
 Of every age, and in all nations reign:
 But soon would vanish, if the world were blest'd
 With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
 Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
 And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
 Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
 But, love appearing, all those terrors fly;
 We live contented, and contented die.

They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
 Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
 Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
 (The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
 Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere:
 Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
 Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

C A N T O V.

THIS iron age (so fraudulent and bold!)
 Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold.
 Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop:
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
 None for himself would either sow or reap:
 Our ready help and mutual love would yield
 A nobler harvest than the richest field;
 Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
 But then we should the use of plenty know.
 Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand;
 And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
 At once the givers and receivers bless;
 Increase their joy, and make their suffering less.
 Who for himself no miracle would make,
 Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
 He that, long-fasting, would no wonder show,
 Made loaves and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
 Of all his power, which boundless was above,
 Here he us'd none, but to express his love:
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,
 Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be useless, which rude nature awe;
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
 Tigers and lions into dens we thrust;
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.

Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian-angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesy'd can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the rejected raise,
Smooth and make streight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that posselt, the great in title fall:
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heaven with that high character has blest.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor Princes arm, though to subdue the East;
Where for the Tomb so many Heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men:
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd!

C A N T O

C A N T O VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From Chaos strook, affects our present sight:
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising, than the day of rest;
That every week might new occasion give,
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm:
And singing, as the Blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on so vast a subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
Of David's harp, a present solace found:
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.

On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind;
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising sun comes on.

OF THE
F E A R O F G O D.
 IN TWO CANTOS.

C A N T O I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
 And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
 Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
 'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
 Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
 Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
 He that invites will not th' invited mock;
 Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
 Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
 All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
 This fear, that drives all other fears away,
 Shall be my song; the morning of our day!
 Where that fear is, there 's nothing to be fear'd;
 It brings from heaven an Angel for a guard:
 Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
 Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
 It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
 Of light; by which he made and governs all.

'Tis

'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause, the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than Angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vex'd;
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqueror would his point pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,
To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possess'd,
If it encrease not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy, but in pursuing more;
No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim:
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.

* Alexander.

A thousand

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

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A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.
Men take no pleasure but in new designs:
And what they hope for what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave;
With full content feeding on what they have:
Vex not themselves for an encrease of store;
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it should be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely;
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beasts than they! that will not understand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand,
Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO

WALLER'S POEMS.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood:
Heaven, those that love their foes, and do them
good.

It is terrestrial honour, to be crown'd
For strow'ing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find:
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
That among men he like an Angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excell.
Fools anger shew, which politicians hide:
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets and the glorious sun
Still keep that order which they first begun:

They

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

121

They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a law, did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show:
So from our Maker wandering, we stray;
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best;
Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!

But

But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
 Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
 Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
 As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

223
OF
DIVINE POESY.
TWO CANTOS.

Occasioned upon sight of the LIII^d Chapter of *Isaiah*;
turned into Verse by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, *Isaiah* did declare;
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold:
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton *Sappho's* live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes, as well as men may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought:

The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.

In boundless verse the fancy soars too high

For any object, but the Deity.

What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share

In the superlatives of wise and fair !

A meaner subject when with these we grace,

A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the product of our Muse,

Like that sweet oil, above all private use ;

On pain of death forbidden to be made,

But when it should be on the altar laid.

Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,

When dropp'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,

Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.

For, as that Angel up to heaven did rise,

Borne on the flame of Manóah's sacrifice :

So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky ;

Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly ;

The whole creation (by our fall made groan !)

His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.

For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice ;

And we with songs supply their want of voice.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,

In songs of praise their present union show :

Their joys are full ; our expectation long ;

In life we differ, but we join in song :

Angels and we, assisted by this art,

May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus

Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise, than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this, from his breath that gave
To the first dust th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE * that did first this way of writing grace,
 Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
 Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
 When he had more than eighty winters told:
 The writer feels no dire effect of age;
 Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
 Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
 When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
 Chaos he saw; and could distinctly tell
 How that confusion into order fell:
 As if consulted with, he has express'd
 The work of the Creator, and his rest:
 How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
 Which might the figure of our globe deface.
 For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
 Less equal now, uncertain makes the air:
 Surpriz'd with heat and unexpected cold,
 Early distempers make our youth look old:
 Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
 That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
 Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
 That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
 Neglecting heaven. But we, of shorter date!
 Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.

* Moses.

To

To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear :
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines :
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made ;
And may again retire, when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal ;
And from their store succeeding Poets steal :
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught :
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay ;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms ; instructed by her fighting stars,
She led them all against the common foe :
But he (mis-led by what he saw below !)
The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.
Homer himself and Agamemnon she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign :

For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heaven her Poem and her Conquest came.

Though of the Jews she merit most esteem;
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme :
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell ;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth :
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read ! th' affliction and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was borne !
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celestial song :
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this concert, sung the tragic part.

As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse ;
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born !

On the Paraphrase on the LORD'S PRAYER,

Written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye winds! listen ethereal lights!

While our Urania sings what Heaven indites:

The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above

Descends the pledge of that eternal love.

Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,

But are instructed to approach his throne:

And how can he to miserable men

Deny requests, which his own hand did pen?

In the Evangelists we find the prose;

Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;

A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,

It may become the highest Seraphim!

For they, like her, in that celestial choir,

Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.

Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may

For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the several Petitions in
the same Prayer.

I. **H**IS sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now; [sound!
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

* Psalm xviii. 9.

Q 3

II. His

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
 Unless he does in our affections reign :
 Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring ;
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light ;
 His service freedom, and his judgments right..

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done ;
 But, as in heaven, it must be made our own :
 His will should all our inclinations sway,
 Whom nature and the universe obey.
 Happy the man ! whose wishes are confin'd
 To what has been eternally design'd :
 Referring all to his paternal care,
 To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup ;
 Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
 From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
 Nor should the soul expect above a day,
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
 Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
 We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
 This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
 Our souls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
 The noblest worship of the Power above,
 Is to extol, and imitate, his love :

Not

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. 231

Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand:
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want; nor wanting wealth;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

"Favete linguis! * * * *

"Virginibus puerisque canto." HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS*.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'ers.
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age describes.

* See, in "Duke's Poems," an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his last production. N.

The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

“ * * * * Miratur limen Olympi.” VIRG.

E P I G R A M S,
 E P I T A P H S,
 AND
 F R A G M E N T S.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the * boy
 That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
 But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for pity; but, with silent moan,
 And better fate, had perished alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
 Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:
 And, when she would another's praise indite,
 Is by her glass instructed how to write.

* Paris.

To

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with some ill charms!)

Be bury'd in those monumental arms:

All we can wish, is—May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night!

AN EPIGRAM

On a Painted LADY with ill Teeth.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lycé painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill-set?
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lycé must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and snile;
The force and glory of our Isle.

In the rich Medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold;
And Danaë wondering at that shower,
Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass;
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

Written on a Card that her * M A J E S T Y tore
at O M B R E.

THE cards you tear in value rise;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (afterwards Lord LANSDOWN)
on his Verses to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant! which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius so beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

* Q. Catharine.

LONG

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound

In largeness, but th' exactly round :

So, life we praise, that does excel

Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,

While your compassion we implore :

They, whom you make too fortunate,

May with presumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade ; nature will have it so ;

'Tis but what we must in our autumn do !

And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,

The loss alone by those that lov'd them found :

So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie ;

Mis'd by some few that lov'd our company.

But some so like to thorns and nettles live,

That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

[237]
Some VERSES of an imperfect COPY,

Designed for a Friend,

On his Translation of OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast,
Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plough:
Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the FIRST,
at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride;
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass;
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone.

But

But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
 And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave * Macedonian Youth alone;
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,
 Boundless in power, would make himself a God;
 As if the world depended on his nod.
 The † Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
 Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
 The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him line,
 Would never stop, till he were thought divine:
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
 Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
 And woo the female to his painted bed:
 Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
 This nature teaches, and becomes them well.
 ‡ *Pride was not made for men*: a conscious sense
 Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
 Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

* Alexander.

† Nebuchadnezzar.

‡ Eccius. x. 18.

EPITAPH

WALLER [239]
EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth :
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious son :
 Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
 To give their sense in Parliament ;
 With lives and fortunes trusting one,
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.
 Sober he was, wise, temperate ;
 Contented with an old estate,
 Which no foul avarice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy guide :
 Not Lemuel's mother with more care
 Did counsel or instruct her heir ;
 Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she ; while yet alive,
 All that was her's to him did give :
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so :
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught,
 So (early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honour lead)
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.

The

The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise and strife,
 Of battles won : in those we find
 The solid interest of mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Though young, like fruit that 's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish : let the marble
 stone,

That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace ;
 The grief and glory of his noble race !
 Early abroad he did the world survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay :
 Saw what great Alexander in the East,
 And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West.
 Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home occasion for his fame :
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
 And where the juster was the weaker side.
 Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art :
 The * elder did whole regiments afford ;
 The younger brought his conduct and his sword.

* William Earl of Devonshire.

Born

EPITAPH ON COL. CAVENDISH. 241

Born to command, a leader he begun,
 And on the rebels lasting honour won:
 The Horse, instructed by their General's worth,
 Still made the King victorious in the North;
 Where Ca'ndish fought, the Royalists prevail'd;
 Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd:
 The current of his victories found no stop,
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.
 Equal success had set these champions high,
 And both resolv'd to conquer or to die:
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove;
 But that must fall which is decreed above!
 Cromwell, with odds of number and of fate,
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church and State:
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
 Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir;
 So early wise, and lasting fair!
 That none, except her years they told,
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.
 All that her father knew, or got,
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
 And she so well improv'd that stock,
 Both of his knowledge and his flock;

R

That

That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
 In her, upon each other smil'd.
 While she to every well-taught mind
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,
 And gave such title to her store,
 That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
 The Muses daily found supplies,
 Both from her hands and from her eyes;
 Her bounty did at once engage,
 And matchless beauty warm their rage.
 Such was this dame in calmer days,
 Her nation's ornament and praise!
 But when a storm disturb'd our rest,
 The port and refuge of th' oppress'd.
 This made her fortune understood,
 And look'd on as some public good;
 So that (her person and her state
 Exempted from the common fate)
 In all our civil fury she
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
 May here her monument stand so,
 To credit this rude age! and show
 To future times, that even we
 Some patterns did of virtue see:
 And one sublime example had
 Of good, among so many bad.

EPITAPH,

E P I T A P H,

To be written under the Latin Inscription upon the
Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the English reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:
His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste;
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom death will no longer stay,
 But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
 O cruel death! to those you take more kind,
 Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
 Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd;
 Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
 Inspired verse may on this marble live,
 But can no honour to thy ashes give.——

* * * * *

E P I T A P H

On HENRY DUNCH, Esq;

In Newington Church in Oxfordshire, 1686,

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
 Who, that no time his memory may deface,
 His grateful wife, under this speaking stone
 His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
 Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
 Whose well-us'd fortune made their virtues shine,
 A rich example his fair life did give,
 How others should with their relations live.
 A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
 To neighbours too his bounty did extend
 So far, that they lamented when he died,
 As if all to him had been near allied.
 His curious youth would men and manners know,
 Which made him to the southern nations go.
 Nearer the sun, though they more civil seem,
 Revenge and luxury have their esteem;
 Which well observing, he return'd with more
 Value for England than he had before;
 Her true religion, and her statutes too,
 He practis'd not less than seek'd to know;

And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
 To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
 To shed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
 And pray for one he only left behind ;
 Till she who does inherit his estate,
 May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

THE
E P I T A P H
O N
MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

In Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckinghamshire;
Written by Mr. RYMER, late Historiographer-royal.

ON THE WEST END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD
ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES
 EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI
 NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS
 OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,
 MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ.
 NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER
 ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM
 HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM
 MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC
 ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE
 SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS
 IN DELICHIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.
 HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
 RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
 NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
 FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
 CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET
 DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FI-
 LIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO
 DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR.
 SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
 LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM
 STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
 EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM;
 COEPIT VIVERE III^o MARTII, A. D. MDCV.
 PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
 FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS
 PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA
 TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
 SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB.
 A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
 MARIÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
 CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS,
 PISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
 FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS
 EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
 EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO
 H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

I W I

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER GUT HOC MARMOR

SACRUM EST. COENSAE NASCENTE

LOCUM HABUIT, CANTABRIGIAM

STUDENTI, PATREM ROBERTUM ET

EX HAMPDEN STU. MATREM;

COEPT. VIVENS IN. MART. A. D. MDCLV

PRIMA Uxor ANNA EDWARDI BANKS

FILIA Uxor HERES. EX PRIMA BIS

MA. PATR. FACTUS, EX SECUNDA

TRIDUO LUTET

4 AP 54

SUPERSTES. GUT. A. D. OCTOR.

EDMUNDUS DE MDCCLXXII

ON THE NORTH SIDE

HOC MARMOR REPERTO WALLER

MAR. GUT. EX SECUNDA NUPERS

CONIUG. IDENTISSIME PARENTIBUS

PRIMUM PARENTAT. EDMUNDUS

FILIUS HONORIS ERNE. MCKENITHUS

EXTERIUS ERUIT. QUOS. HEC. FUGIT

EL. W. L. F. H. EX. TESTAMENTO

/ M. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

CON.

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